

~~35~~ L0552

.7

1839.

.EB

LEONARD WOODS.

BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

A DISCOURSE

PROF. CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, D. D.

BEFORE

BOWDOIN COLLEGE AND THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1879.

BRUNSWICK:
TELEGRAPH PRINTING OFFICE.
1879.

LJ552
7
1839
E8

47305
204

YOUNG L

BOOKS

DIED in Boston, December 24th, 1878, LEONARD WOODS, D.D., LL.D.,
late President of Bowdoin College.

RESOLUTIONS

Passed at a special meeting of the Academical Faculty of Bowdoin
College, January 9, 1879.

Desiring to give some expression to our sense of the loss which the College has sustained in the death of Dr. LEONARD WOODS, for many years its honored President, and also to the feeling of personal bereavement in those of us who were permitted to know him in the intimacy of college associations, we, the members of the Academical Faculty of Bowdoin College, do adopt the following memorial resolutions as a tribute of affection to the memory of a cherished friend.

Resolved, That we have heard with deep sorrow of the death of Dr. Woods, who, through a long and brilliant service in the Presidency of this College, filled the best years of his life with unwearied efforts to promote its efficiency, to elevate its intellectual and moral character, to increase its resources and to give it an honorable and influential position among the educational institutions of the country.

Resolved, That we recognize with gratitude all that he was able to accomplish for the College by virtue of his high intellectual character, the fine quality of his mind, his thorough and unassuming culture, the purity of his life and his fidelity to the trusts committed to him; and that we shall always remember with pleasure the grace and dignity with which he represented the College abroad and presided over its regular sessions and its anniversary gatherings at home; the eloquence of his occasional discourses, which were both a charm and a stimulus to those who were permitted to listen to them, and the cordial and kindly relations that always marked his intercourse with his colleagues, with the students and with the Alumni.

Resolved, That we remember with thankfulness the winning courtesy of his manner, the never-failing charm of his intercourse, and his beautiful Christian spirit as displayed in the various social relations of

his life; and though we grieve that these things will henceforth be only memories to us, we rejoice that they will still have power to stimulate and to comfort us.

Resolved, That while bowing in resignation to this dispensation of a wise and merciful Providence, we desire to offer to those most nearly touched by this bereavement the assurance of our respectful and unfeigned sympathy, and also to unite with them in thanks for a life that was so full of beauty, and a death that was so full of peace.

Resolved, That a memorial discourse commemorative of the character and services of this beloved Head of the College and venerated friend, be pronounced at Brunswick during the approaching Commencement season; and that the Maine Historical Society, of which Dr. Woods was a most active and honored member, be invited to unite with the Alumni and friends of the College in such a memorial service, and to unite with the Government of the College in making suitable arrangements for the occasion.

In the Boards of Trustees and Overseers of Bowdoin College, July 10, 1879, it was

Voted, That the thanks of the College be returned to Professor C. C. Everett for his just and eloquent tribute to the memory of the late President Woods, and that a copy of the same be requested for publication.

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

Brunswick, July 11, 1879.

Voted, That the thanks of the Society be tendered to Professor Everett for his eloquent and discriminating tribute to the memory of the late Dr. LEONARD WOODS, so long our venerated and beloved associate and friend, and that we unite with the College authorities in requesting a copy for publication.

DISCOURSE.

During the last year has died one who forty years ago this summer became the President of Bowdoin College, an office which he held for twenty-seven years. He was for many years the Chairman of the Standing Committee of the Maine Historical Society, and one of its most efficient workers. It is fitting, then, that this College, with its Alumni, and the members of this Society, should unite to do honor to his memory. But while his relation to institutions justifies this public service, it does not fully explain it. The tribute that we bring is less official than personal. It is most of all the offering of loving and bereaved hearts.

Our late President, LEONARD WOODS, was born at Newbury, Massachusetts, November 24, 1807. A few months after his birth, his father, whose name he bore, removed with his family to Andover, where he became the first Professor of the Theological Seminary, in the foundation of which he had been largely instrumental. The father was known to the world as a keen disputant, a strong reasoner, a profound and somewhat dogmatic theologian. To his family he was known as one of the tenderest of fathers and the most genial of companions. He possessed a keen wit, which made him both prized as a friend and dreaded as an opponent.

The mother of the President was a daughter of Rev. Joseph Wheeler, of Harvard, Massachusetts. She was a woman of marked character and great sweetness of disposition, and an enthusiastic lover of the beauties of nature.

The family consisted of ten children, of whom Leonard was the fourth. This large family included many varieties of disposition and character, but was affectionate and harmonious. If any little difference did arise between the brothers, Leonard was the peace-maker.

His intercourse with his sisters, especially, perhaps with those nearest his own age, was tender and confidential. He interested himself in their studies and reading, and in whatever concerned them. This relation could not have been without influence upon his character, and may have prepared the way and furnished the ideal for those intimacies with ladies of talent and culture that formed so marked a feature of his after life. A classmate, who had admired the purity of his tastes, and the elevated tone of his character in college, writes, that he learned the secret of these when later he became familiar with the home in Andover, from which he went forth to meet the temptations of college life.

His surroundings in his childhood tended also to quicken his intellectual growth. There is a family tradition that the first word he uttered was, characteristically enough, the word Theology. We may assume, then, that this was at least among the earliest words he spoke. This shows not merely the capacity of the boy to seize the larger words, but still more the nature of the conversations that were held about his cradle. The group of theologians that used to gather at his father's house, Porter, Griffin, Stuart, and others,—the discussions that they carried on together in regard to the great themes that were interesting the religious world, must have done much to stimulate his thoughts and to direct them to theological inquiry. They would seem to have done more to stimulate and direct his thought than to

mould his opinions. Questions were started in his mind, the solution of which he sought in his own way. One might almost say, indeed, that an independent solution of them came to him without his seeking. It seems as if he were born to a certain course of thought and study, so early does he enter upon it. Here, if anywhere, we might almost accept the theory of pre-existence, or might believe that his spirit had been appointed to enter into life amid the courtesies and reverent religious thought and study of some mediæval court, so early do we meet that gracious presence and that peculiar mental tendency which characterized him in after years.

He was fitted for college at Phillips Academy, and entered Dartmouth College in the spring of 1824. He remained there, however, less than one term, and afterwards entered Union College as a Sophomore. The change was an important one, for it brought him into relations with President Nott, traces of whose influence will meet us as we proceed. At this college he graduated in 1827.

His college associations must have been very pleasant and helpful to him. Professor William Thompson, of Hartford, was his room-mate; President Wayland was a member of his class; and Bishop Potter of New York, though not a classmate, belonged to his more intimate circle of college friends.

When we try to picture him to ourselves as he was at this time, we need do little else than take off from the presence so familiar to us the traces that the fleeting years had left. The light, spare form, and almost feminine softness of features which seemed to bespeak forbearance and sympathy from comrades of a more robust physique, were soon found to be allied with manly firmness, resolution, and capacity for rather uncommon muscular performances. He was fond of solitary musing, but courteous and affable to all; while in his more intimate circles his literary acquisi-

tions and sparkling humor were greatly prized. He was marked, at the same time, by a certain unconventionality which perhaps added to the charm of his intercourse. As a scholar he excelled in all branches. The professors liked to test his knowledge by out of the way questions, and he was always equal to the emergency. In Greek his classmates consulted him with a confidence equal to that with which they turned to their teacher. In debate he stood supreme. Ethical questions in the discussions of the college literary society, had a special attraction for him. He often threw light upon many obscure points. As a poet he showed such promise that many of his friends have believed that poetry was his true vocation. The influence of Byron was then in the ascendant, and his classmates thought that there was something a little Byronic in his poems.

The time which his facility in acquisition gained for him, he devoted to a higher culture than the college routine could offer. His favorite authors were the older and graver English writers, such as Isaac Barrow and Jeremy Taylor. It is interesting to know that he had begun his patristic studies even before he entered college; and that what became later known as his mediævalism, manifested itself even in his college days.

On his graduation he delivered a poem, somewhat singularly entitled "The Suicide." Chatterton was its hero. It is an illustration of the methods of the time, or at least of the methods of Dr. Nott, that both the subject and the metre were assigned to him. He protested against the latter as unsuited to the theme, but no change was permitted. In spite of the cramping effect of this requirement, the poem showed indications of power, and was very warmly received. He closed the exercises of the day by a valedictory address to the class.

President Nott pronounced him on his graduation better

educated than is usual in this country, and believed that without having any defect to supply, or habit to change, he might become a distinguished linguist or mathematician, or a man of general literature; at the same time he feared that he might be somewhat lacking in practicality.

With avenues to distinction opening all about him, he chose, as it would appear, without hesitation, the profession of the ministry. The same year that he graduated from college he entered the theological seminary at Andover. His life in the seminary was but a repetition, on a higher plane, of his life in college. I may mention a single incident, to show that the sweetness of disposition by which he was always marked, was a matter of culture with him, as well as of temperament. Some one entering his room one day, found him and his companion with a somewhat fixed and stern expression upon their faces. It seems they had formed a resolution to speak ill of no one. They had, however, just been unmercifully bored by a caller, and as he went out they began to express their feelings towards him, when they remembered their resolution; and at the moment of the second interruption they were in the act of setting a guard upon their lips.

Among his seminary friends were Prof. Thompson, of Hartford, his room-mate here as at college, Dr. Schauffler, Dr. Cheever, and Prof. Park. To those familiar with his later habits it may be interesting to know that while in the seminary he was in the habit of rising summer and winter at five o'clock, and of walking with the friend last named an hour, returning for prayers at six o'clock. Through mud or snow, through storm or sunshine these walks were taken. "Our controversies were deepest," writes his companion in these strolls, "when the mud was most profound. One of us was commonly lost in an argument when the other was buried in a snow drift." With some of these student friends, who like himself roomed in the upper story of his

father's house, he kept up for awhile the habit of talking only in Latin. A debating club was also held in these upper chambers.

He was at this time a brilliant skater; and took delight in teaching the young ladies of his circle to guide themselves upon the ice. His great passion, however, was for study.

He graduated from the theological seminary in 1830. He still pursued his work at Andover, however, where he was for a short time an assistant teacher. With rare energy for one so young, he set about a very important work, the translation from the German of Knapp's Theology. This he enriched with an introduction and notes. This achievement secured him at once a prominent position among the scholars and theologians of the country.

He was licensed to preach by the Londonderry Presbytery in 1830, and ordained by the Third Presbytery of New York, at the Laight Street church, in the year 1833. He preached in New York for some months, in the place of Dr. Cox, who was absent in Europe.

In 1834 he became the Editor of the New York Literary and Theological Review, a publication which was just established. Besides his general editorial work he contributed to it several very important articles, which retain their interest to the present time. He also contributed various translations from the German.

In 1836 he became Professor of Biblical Literature in the Theological Seminary at Bangor. His inaugural dwelt chiefly upon the importance of the study of the Bible, which grows out of the Protestant doctrine of the right of free interpretation of it. The duties of this new office unhappily interfered with his work as editor. His original contributions became more rare, and his connection with the Review was given up after four years of service.

The duties which crowded out his editorial work must

have been very congenial to him. He showed a wonderful fitness for the office of teacher. In this he was helped by his great conversational powers, and by his exhaustive reading in connection with the subjects taught. He met the students in the class room as if they had been his equals. He won their confidence, so that they expressed their own thoughts with the utmost freedom. If their views were crude and ill-formed, they discovered it by no word or intimation of his, but by the light which he threw upon them.

His residence in Bangor must have been in many respects very pleasant to him. In that gay little metropolis of the east there was probably, then, more culture in proportion to the population than in any other city of our country. Especially were there many cultivated ladies, familiar with society as well as with books. The Unitarian influence affected largely the tone of society in the place, and at that time this implied a distinction which we of this generation cannot wholly understand. There was an ease and a brilliancy in the social relations into which he was brought with which he had hardly been familiar. We need not say how eagerly the young Professor was welcomed to this social life, or what a charm he found in it.

In Bangor we meet, if not more real, yet more marked traces than before of that reactionary tendency which seemed at times to separate him so widely from those about him. His life there was very important, in his intellectual development, if, as would seem to be the case, he there for the first time became familiar with the writings of DeMaistre, an author who exerted a marked influence upon his thought.

He remained at Bangor but three years. In 1839, at the age of thirty-two, he became the President of Bowdoin College. That was a proud day for Bowdoin on which he was inaugurated. His very youth, which, under other circumstances might have weighed against him, when viewed in

connection with the results that he had already accomplished, gave a new prestige to his position. He appeared before the congregation slight and graceful. A large pile of manuscripts lay before him, but at these he did not glance. For nearly two hours he held the assembly entranced by his rich eloquence. The crowd that thronged the aisles forgot the weariness of their position as they listened to his words.

He spoke of the cheering fact, that after years of strife, periods at length arrive in which conflicting tendencies are reconciled. "The pendulum of opinion, after swinging back and forth from one extreme to another, comes at last to hang in the just medium." After a few minor illustrations, he proceeded to speak of the interests springing from religious faith on the one side, and the scientific instinct on the other. For the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era, revealed religion engrossed the attention of the general mind of Christendom. Then came the ages in which all things were secularized. Science usurped the interest and the authority which religion had before held as her right. But now we are living in a moment of happy augury, in which these two conflicting elements of our intellectual life are becoming reconciled. Their influence, which in their separation has sometimes been disastrous, in their union will become most potent for good.

He painted the glory of these earlier ages of faith. Especially did he pay to the mediæval church the honor so often withheld from it. He spoke of the singular perfection the fine arts obtained under its influence,—the cathedrals solemn and magnificent, the music of the old composers, and the paintings of the old masters. He spoke of the science that grew up under the intellectual stimulus which religion gave to the minds of men. He denied that the church ever opposed the advance of science, as such, save by presenting to the thoughts of men objects of more

absorbing interest; and he justified this denial by the most ingenious arguments. He rebuked the pride of Bacon, who speaks of himself as kindling a torch in the darkness of philosophy. "If it was night when Bacon was born, it was certainly a night brilliant with constellations."

Leaving this theme, so congenial to him, upon which he had brought to bear all the wealth of his learning and of his genius, he turned to the ages of secularization by which these ages of faith were followed. He recognized the many beneficent effects of purely human science, but he spoke with a sublime scorn of the lowness of its aims. It was bound to the earth instead of facing the heavens. It sought the bodily welfare of man rather than his spiritual exaltation. It brought with it a spirit that sought to undermine the very foundations of faith, and that had introduced the most baleful social and political disorders. Our modern science "had come to us like ships from the Levant, richly laden, indeed, but concealing the pestilence beneath its choicest treasure." Then he dwelt upon the signs of promise. These signs were few, but were like a clear spot that is sometimes seen in a cloudy sky, which, however small it may be assures the sailor that the storm is past and fair weather is at hand.

In this address, at the general course of which I have barely hinted, there may have been some unconscious exaggeration in regard to the past. There was, perhaps, too little recognition of the higher aspects of modern science. Certainly the consummation which it prophesied was not so near as the speaker dreamed. That little spot of blue was to become lost amid the freshly gathering clouds; and while discoveries were to be reached which, then, even science herself would not have dared to prophesy, the popular thought was to sink to what would have seemed to him a lower depth of materialism than it had yet reached. But still, I believe that the discourse was substantially true,

and it was wholly uplifting. His colleagues, of whom only one honored form remains to unite the college of the present to the college of the past, congratulated one another on this brilliant accession to their ranks. While it came to all as a word of strength and cheer, it was especially welcomed by the students of the college, and to many of them it must have been like the creation of a new universe. The past, which had seemed so dark, shone suddenly with a great light. The future, which had stretched before them vague and meaningless, was filled suddenly with a definite and inspiring promise; while the present was the happy moment in which the peaceful gains of years of strife were to be theirs. Others had fought and labored and they were to receive the full fruition.

When the ceremonies of his inauguration were completed, he entered seriously upon the new duties to which he had been called. He approached them, as he did everything, by methods of his own. There had been more or less disorder in the college. The leaders in the disturbances were good-hearted fellows, of ability and promise, but somewhat wild. They found themselves suddenly summoned, one after the other, to appear before the new president. The call was a surprise, for, as one of them quaintly puts it, "all the old scores had been wiped off, and there had been no time to run up new ones." They went, however, at the call. There was nothing said about old scores or new ones. The president met them with that kind and graceful courtesy that was peculiar to him. He talked to them of the opportunities of college life, and made them feel, as though it had been their thought rather than his, the obligation that such opportunities impose.

This simple conversation, held with one as he sat with him in his study, with another as he walked with him among the pines, was sufficient to transform these young men. He saved them to themselves, to the collegé, and to

the world. One of them, not only as a minister of the church has brought like aid to many a wandering soul, but became in a special manner the helper of the president in the work of rescuing from entanglement in evil courses young men who were tempted as he had been.

In 1840, after a year's experience of college life, the young president, according to a plan formed when he entered upon his duties, made his first visit to Europe. It is very unfortunate that the note-book which detailed his experience abroad has disappeared, perhaps lost in the fire which consumed so much that was of value to him and to the world. There remain only a few scattered remembrances of its story, which give us glimpses of him, here and there, and make us long more than ever for the whole.

We find him at Oxford, adopted into relations of intimacy with some of the Fellows, living with them, entering into their habits with the zest with which he always entered into the life of those among whom he was thrown; only here, from the nature of his companions and their surroundings, all must have had a peculiar charm for him. Thus he walked with them, and conversed with them. He shared their simple meals, toasting his bread with them over the fire in their rooms, or entering into their more elaborate festivities. Among those whom he met at Oxford were Stanley and Pusey and Newman. Some whom he there met remember him now with interest.

It is supposed by many, perhaps it is the first thought of all who know how closely he was thus brought into relation with the founders of the movement with which Oxford has been identified, that it was here our president received his direction towards what has been called his mediævalism. On the contrary, we have found that he carried the germs of it with him to college, expressed it freely while at Bangor, and embodied it in his inaugural at Brunswick. He would seem to have contributed as much to the incipient

movement at Oxford as he received from it. At a dinner where sentiments were in order, he proposed "The Middle Ages." Knowing his habit in regard to the use of his old material, we may conjecture that the speech with which he supported his toast contained some brilliant passages from the Inaugural.

We next hear of him in Paris, as the guest of Louis Philippe. He and a companion * had neglected to answer their invitation to a dinner at the Tuileries, and were, moreover, a little late. The king came forward to meet them, intimating that not having heard from them he was not sure that they would come. The companion of the president happily replied that they had supposed that no response was necessary. The invitation of a king they had believed left to the recipient no choice. This happy turn changed their defeat into a victory. In the success of the evening we may be sure that our president had his full share. Especially did he, as his manner was, win the heart of the queen, who took him to her apartments, and showed him, among other things, the embroidery of her daughters, and introduced him to the room where they were at their work. Our president made himself thoroughly at home, as he did everywhere; and we find him seated among them and holding a skein of worsted for one of the princesses to wind, at once as much at his ease and as welcome as if he had been a guest at some New England farm-house.

He was in Paris when the remains of Napoleon were brought there. He was fortunate in obtaining a place near the royal family where he could see all, and the pageant deeply moved him.

We find him also at the Vatican, where he had a long conversation with the Pope, Gregory XVI. The question first arose in what language they should converse. Our

* The late Hon. Martin Brimmer of Boston.

president suggested French, German, or Latin, though he would prefer the last. Here the advantage of those Latin talks in the chamber of the professor's house in Andover was felt in a way that was little dreamed of at the time. When, after some hours' talk in Latin with the Pope, he had taken his leave, the Holy Father expressed his admiration of him. He had conquered the Vatican as he had the halls of Oxford and the Tuileries.

It may be added, that on a steamer while he was abroad, he met, and had a long conversation with, Bunsen. This chance meeting led to a friendship maintained by correspondence.

On his return from Europe the young president entered permanently upon the duties of the office for which all his previous experience had been a preparation. At this point we may interrupt our story to ask what characteristics and qualifications he brought with him to his work, what was the position that he held in regard to some of the great questions that had occupied his thought; in a word, what manner of man it was with whom we have to do.

The charm of his intercourse I have thus far taken for granted. He was in some respects singularly unconventional; yet one could not meet him without feeling himself in the presence of a cultured gentleman. It is impossible to analyze fully the elements of genius in conversation. Like all genius it involves a something that cannot be expressed. It is the saying of the best thing in the best way. In the conversation of our president his richest gifts made themselves felt. The play of his wit, the originality of his thought, the wealth of his resources, the delicacy of his tact, the kindness of his heart, united to lend a charm to his conversation such as is rarely met. Above all were his unaffected modesty, and his power of drawing out the best in his companion, who for a moment found himself wiser and wittier than his wont, and was surprised to see his own

thoughts expanded and enriched till they came back to him with a fullness of meaning which he had not believed that they possessed. All this, which seemed like the art of the master, was, I believe, yet more the simplicity of the child. It was the manifestation of a nature at once rich and sympathetic. If as a boy he had something of the gravity of the man, as a man he showed often the gaiety of the child. He loved, on a Thanksgiving evening, for example, to throw aside his presidential dignity, and join in "blind man's buff," or some other romping game, and no child of the company was merrier and more alert than he.

In his disposition he was singularly tender and magnanimous, but he had also a strong will, and was not to be moved from a course that he judged to be the best.

In his intellectual constitution our president was remarkable for the universality of his gifts. Whatever he did seemed the one thing that he was made to do. Poet, scholar, editor, professor, president, to the work of each calling he came as to his own. In a lawsuit which sprang out of the conditions of the will of Governor Bowdoin, he showed a most unusual legal talent. The case was originated, and to a large extent worked up by him. He possessed himself so fully of the literature that bore upon the case that but few lawyers were so well posted as he became in that special department of professional study. The money that his legal skill had won, his taste knew how to use; and it took form in the beautiful chapel of the college. We know what capacity he showed later for original investigation in history; while an article on Goethe in the "Literary and Theological Review" shows that if he had been content to be a mere *litterateur*, as such he would have been unsurpassed.

In all his tastes and habits of mind he was a conservative. Conservatism may be of three forms. It may be an instinct of the nature that shrinks from change; it may be

a matter of sentiment, or it may be the result of thought. In the conservatism of our president were united these three types. He shrank from change; but this instinct enlarged itself into a sentiment. His affection clung to the past and his imagination adorned it with its choicest flowers. But this sentiment was thoroughly self-conscious. He knew just what it was that he loved and honored in the past; what it was that it possessed but which we have lost. He believed in progress and reform; but he saw the peril that there is in laying rash and irreverent hands upon forms of faith and political institutions, whose very existence is a presumption in favor of their substantial worth.*

What it was that he chiefly revered in the past, his Inaugural has shown us. The past had faith. It had faith in God and in the universe as filled with his wisdom. It had faith in the institutions of society, in the church, the State, and the family, as divinely appointed. We have science; but science without faith, a godless science, he felt was unworthy of the name.

It does not follow from this that there has been no gain in history. The man has much that the child has not. We could not be children again if we would, and we would not if we could; but there is something in the child that is worth more than all the gain of manhood. If this be kept at the heart of all, then there has been real advance; but if it be lost, all is lost. If this has been lost, the man must become again as a little child and enter thus afresh the kingdom of heaven. Such was the view that our president took of the past in its relation to the present.

He honored the Catholic church. He honored it, because for centuries it alone had represented the highest spiritual faith. He honored it because it uttered the fullest and most conscious protest against the individualism of our

* See Lit. and Theol. Rev., vol. II, pp. 344, 522 and 706.

day; because it embodies in itself the two forms of authority which he revered: the authority of revelation and that of historical development. He loved, too, its pomp of service. It may be asked, as it was often asked, "Why was he not, then, a Catholic?" It would be sufficient to suggest the common sense reply, that because he admired certain principles in that church it does not follow that its whole doctrine and method would have been acceptable to him. The question, however, admits of a more definite answer.

He believed that we are largely the products of the past, that our beliefs and our position in the world are largely determined for us in advance. It is not for us to settle, each one for himself, the great questions whose answer is shaped in the course of ages. The fancy that we can do this is one of the marks of our modern individualism. He believed that the struggle to do this is in vain. When we fancy that we are settling for ourselves the vexed questions of the universe, the answer that we give is not the voice of the absolute reason, but of our own caprice, or prejudice, or even, sometimes, of our self-interest. He felt that he belonged where he was placed, that he owed a sacred allegiance to the church of his fathers. Should he desert this and seek for himself a church, he would be himself an illustration of that individualism from which he shrank. He was then honestly, unswervingly and contentedly a Congregationalist of the old New England type.

Of course, all this reasoning about authority holds good only so long as one is at ease under the authority. It is like the belief in the divine right of rulers, which is apt to lose its force with a change of dynasty. Had our president cherished a single real doubt in regard to any one of the fundamental doctrines of his church, all his fine reasoning would have gone to the winds. He would have been driven out of it by that obligation higher than all others, that of absolute sincerity. But so far as the Orthodox creed is

concerned, he believed more rather than less than those about him. His orthodoxy was of the older and higher type, and was never, I believe, seriously questioned.

Those who ask why he was not a Catholic, fail in another point to understand him. One thing that he loved in the old Catholic church was its catholicity. The faith in the one church was strong within him. "The churches," once said a student in the recitation-room. The president pleasantly corrected him, saying, "Not 'the churches,' but 'the church'." The church of which he dreamed had no longer an embodiment in the external world. The early christians were wont to compare the church to a ship. The vessel which bore the hopes of humanity had suffered partial wreck. Those who had been united beneath its flag were scattered. Some had taken boats; some had made for themselves rafts. Those who stood by the old ship were but a fragment like the rest. Had he gone back to them he would have passed from one limitation to another; and limitation was precisely what he was longing to escape.

I think that he was fundamentally a poet. At least, he had in regard to whatever interested him an ideal of perfection, of wholeness, to which it was his longing to attain. This made itself felt in his ecclesiastical relations. The member of a sect, he longed to escape from its narrowness and feel himself a member of the whole. Had he been born a Catholic, a Catholic he would doubtless have remained, as how many of us would not; but he would have been, I think, a more troublesome Catholic than most of us. He would still have stretched beyond the conditions in which he found himself toward the completeness of the whole. The ecclesiastical unity which he loved in the past, he knew could not furnish the type for the future. The differences that have been developed cannot, suddenly at least, be done away. The spirit and methods of the "United Brethren," suggested to him, at least at one time,

the nearest approach to the manner in which ecclesiastical unity could now be possible.* He had in his thought the ideal of a union in which the denominations that are in substantial agreement should each be true to its own convictions, and yet co-operate with others as parts of one common church.

While he cherished such ideals, he was not a man to waste his life in idle regrets and longings. As he reproduced in his own nature the reverence, the faith, the loyalty which he honored in the past, so he anticipated in his own heart the ideal church of the future. True to his own belief, and glorying in it, true also to his own church, he yet took into his loving sympathy churches which were most widely separated from his own. Sectarian bitterness was his abhorrence. The introductory article to his Review is very suggestive on this matter. He first urges the importance of the doctrines of Christian faith; then growing more earnest, he urges the importance of defending these; then he speaks of the spirit in which this should be done, and rises to the climax of his eloquence in denouncing sectarian harshness and bigotry.

We have seen his feeling towards the Catholic church. He took much interest in the old Catholic movement in Europe. He loved and honored, also, in a special manner, the Episcopal church. Notwithstanding radical differences in belief, he could take pleasure in the genial breadth of the Unitarian, and all the while he could remain true to his own position. Of course, he was misunderstood. Some members of other churches believed that at heart he belonged with them; members of his own doubted whether he belonged to them. Some, in despair of anything more fitting, marked him as probably a Jesuit in disguise. So rare, so

* Lit. and Theol. Rev., vol. III, pp. 140, 311 and 596. Compare, in regard to the whole subject, vol. IV, p. 253.

difficult to comprehend, is a simple life of mingled breadth and earnestness.

What added to the difficulty of understanding him, was the fact that he reached and held his views by methods of his own, at least by methods not common in our age. He would express an opinion, and people would argue, "He who believes this ought to believe also this and that."—They would construct a system for him. They would put him in their cabinets, classified and labeled according to their taste. I will give one or two examples of cases in which such mistakes might have occurred, to illustrate the manner in which such mistakes did occur. He had once been reading an article that sought to prove that the texts which are supposed to establish the doctrine of the Trinity had been misinterpreted. He not only praised the article to me, but he said that it was wholly correct. Here would have been an opportunity to show a case of double dealing. Either he was a Unitarian, professing to be Trinitarian, or he was a Trinitarian wanting to appear for the moment as a Unitarian; but he added at once, "The dogma of the Trinity does not rest on such arguments as are referred to here." Later in his life he was found by a graduate engaged in historical investigations. He looked up, in his pleasant way, and exclaimed how pleasant it was after all the uncertainties of metaphysical speculation, to find oneself on the firm ground of history. This might have been understood as implying doubt in regard to what he had held most strongly; but he would have spoken thus of philosophy at any time. He believed that Divine revelation on the one hand, and the human heart on the other, furnish the only solid basis for belief. Out of the heart grow creeds and institutions. Philosophy has its rightful place when it bases its systems upon it. When it seeks to lay foundations of its own, it lays them in the clouds.

The love of completeness, of which I spoke, followed him everywhere. Nowhere could he rest content in what seemed to him a partial statement. In regard to methods of reform, this tendency showed itself. When he heard the shrill treble of the popular chant, he could not join in that, but could only utter the complemental bass. Those who had more ear for difference than for harmony could find in him only an opponent. Never would he keep back a thought or a feeling lest it should make him unpopular. While he was gentle, he was also fearless.

I remember one of those marvellous Baccalaureates in which he urged the importance of "duties of imperfect obligation." He seemed to place honor above duty. He glorified the lie of Desdemona as better than a truth. Of course, this called forth a storm of criticism. Not only did this doctrine endanger all morality, but especially was this glorification of honor dangerous in the presence of college students. But some years after, when he had occasion to repeat such an address, he selected this. Again was honor magnified, and the lie of Desdemona pronounced better than a truth. The same tendency was illustrated in the temperance movement. This was one that engaged his most earnest sympathy. But he could not place the occasional drinking of wine among the things wrong in themselves, and he could not make of total abstinence anything more than a practice temporarily expedient. Thus many placed him among the opponents of this reform which he had so much at heart.

He was very patient under misconception. If a word could explain his course, that word he often had to be urged to speak, often he would not speak it.

It is sometimes wondered why, with all his learning and genius, he has not left more permanent works behind him. Perhaps a native indolence, especially physical indolence, had something to do with this. But the traits we have

been considering, I believe had also much to do with it. His idea of perfection was so high that he was critical with himself. It was not that he would not, he could not, do anything that was incomplete. Our rough-and-ready American ways he could not conform to. Then, too, he lacked the spur of ambition. As he would not put himself out of his way to avoid blame, neither would he to win praise. He was the most modest and at the same time the most self-contained of men. Perhaps, also, the isolation of his position had much to do with this lack of outward activity. He scorned our modern individualism; but, whether in refutation or confirmation of his theories I know not, there are few men more individual than he was. Even Emerson does not exceed him in this respect. So individual was he that he stood alone, with perhaps none wholly to sympathize with him, with few even to comprehend him. His individuality was largely in his universality, it is true, yet none the less did it separate him from those about him. This individuality he prized. Nothing did he find it so hard to forgive as the attempt to convert him to any other form of faith. He would sympathize with you, but you must not lay hands upon him. He would work with you, but it must be in his own way. As he was situated, he may have felt that he could not speak for himself alone, and thus kept silent. Whatever may have been the reason, he appeared little before the public in the way of authorship or speech.

But there was a duty to which he devoted himself with all the more earnestness. This was his work as president. In this, all his characteristics found their best expression. Though he would gladly have made more marked the religious aspect of the college, extending its religious services and adding to them a greater pomp of worship, yet in what concerned the business of education he was as truly in advance of his times as in certain speculative opinions

he may have seemed behind them. It is an easy thing, now that the liberal position of the college is established, to say that a man's fitness to teach any branch of secular learning does not depend upon his theological belief; yet the application of this principle to the management of the college caused one of the hardest and most painful battles which our president was called to fight.

It was, however, in his direct relations with the students that his character showed itself in its most pleasing light. When he was called to his office there arose in his mind the ideal of a college president. It was not that of the conventional president, not that perhaps of those who called him to the place. He believed that in every young man's heart is a principle of honor. If that can be touched the young man is safe; if it is not, no matter how correct his course, his education is a failure. Two things he may have learned from his own president, Dr. Nott, namely, distrust of what is technically known as college discipline, and faith in personal influence. His views became enlarged and confirmed by his knowledge of the methods used in the Jesuit college at Rome, which was thrown freely open to his inspection, and by his observation of the methods employed at Oxford. Yet his course was so much the expression of his own nature that we need hardly look abroad for its source.

We have already seen one or two examples of his method. Others may be given. It had once been the habit of the students to have a bonfire at the end of the Freshman year. This had been forbidden by the Faculty. The fire would, however, be lighted; the Faculty would turn out to arrest the offenders. There would be a chase among the pines, highly amusing no doubt to the boys, but neither dignified nor wholly safe for the professors. The president adopted a new policy. There was nothing wrong, he thought, in a bonfire, but there was a little danger. He

learned the names of the committee of students having the thing in charge; he sent for them, and made them responsible for its proper and safe management. The fire was lighted, but a large part of the fun was gone. There remained, indeed, the excitement of rivalry between one class and another; but when this could be carried no further,—for there is a limit to the height to which tar barrels can be conveniently piled,—the practice was, at least for a season, dropped. Many will remember the “college training.” At that time such fantastic shows had more novelty than now. Here, too, instead of fighting against a thing that seemed to him harmless, the president contented himself with seeing the commander-in-chief, and making him responsible for the propriety of the parade. At one time he joined with certain students of intemperate habits in taking the pledge of total abstinence for a period extending over their residence at college. Thus by tact, by personal influence, did he accomplish results which the clumsy methods of ordinary college discipline were wholly unable to reach. Many to-day are grateful to him for what they have been and still are. He was very sympathetic with the peculiar circumstances of college life. He distinguished in his heart between depravity and the love of fun. He was always straightforward. I think no student ever suspected him of double-dealing. He knew how to meet the young men. He had a quick wit, that with a word would show up the folly of their excuses. He had a dignity that made itself always felt. I think that no student was ever asked to sit down in the president’s college room, and no student ever felt himself aggrieved by the neglect. He said once, that every act of college discipline hurt him more than it did the student. The student felt this. Of course, the danger was that he would err on the side of leniency. I would not affirm that he never did this. I can only say that the more closely I was able to study his methods, the more did I

admire them. When a case was to be worked up, his legal powers guided him to the truth. When he felt that discipline should be enforced he was firm. But he loved better to save a man than to punish him.

I think that under President Woods, Bowdoin College offered means of education in some respects unequalled in the country. Students found themselves at once in the presence of a culture that might have been the product of the best universities and the most polished courts of the old world. They received from their president an influence such, as has been well remarked, men go abroad to seek, such as breathes in the aisles of old cathedrals. They learned from him what reverence means, and loyalty. They learned that society is not a mere human invention. They felt the divinity that is behind the family and the State.

His private influence was made powerful by the genius that made itself felt in his public addresses. None who ever heard them will forget his Baccalaureates. They were given without notes, generally in the gathering twilight.—As the shadows fell, the arches of the church seemed to rise and to dilate, while the rich music of his voice and the thoughts that he uttered, more rich and mellow even than it, all united to place the listener in a world which was very foreign to our every-day life, and from which he could not fail to go forth quickened and elevated.

As a teacher he had charge of the studies relating to morals and religion. His exercises formed a fine mental drill for the students, and interested many of them in these high themes of thought. He sometimes held a Bible class for such students as might care to attend, on Sunday, in his room. He also conducted evening prayers at the college chapel.

He was very faithful and regular in his college duties. That he might be within easy call, should he be needed, he never went farther from home than Portland during

term time, and was rarely, if ever, absent from his appointed place.

The students brought to their president a chivalrous love and reverence that I think rare. When in after life they came into relations with him, they sometimes expected the illusion to be done away. But there was no sham or tinsel about him. The more closely they knew him the more did they admire the wealth of his resources and the beauty of his spirit.

But at last there came that terrible moment in our country's history. The nation was under martial law. Hearts, also, were under martial law. Our president having little faith in the power even of college discipline, shrank from the bloody discipline inflicted by the nation. He did not believe that hearts could be won and patriotism created by the bayonet and the cannon. Whatever may have been the causes that influenced him, and whether his reasoning were right or wrong, you may be very sure that his motives were as patriotic as those of any who joined most eagerly in the great impulse of the moment. Our president felt, doubtless, that he stood, as he so eloquently described Webster as doing, when changing front he faced "a sturdy and multitudinous Northern constituency." He stood as firmly and fearlessly as Webster, and like him he found himself separated from some most dear to him. His influence was for the moment lessened. He felt that the battle he was waging against a narrow interpretation of the denominational position of the college, could be better carried on by other hands.

In 1866 he resigned the office he had held so long and so honorably. This step, I may remark, he had for some time been intending to take so soon as he could do it without injustice to himself and to his work. He went forth to new triumphs. Never before did his spirit show itself in its full beauty. No word of jealousy ever escaped his lips. To his successors he was all kindness and helpfulness. He rejoiced

in their successes, and sorrowed in their trials; and if they were criticised he defended them. He won to himself the hearts that had been most estranged.

He found occupations that were most congenial to him. He was made a delegate to the Democratic Convention at Philadelphia, and one of its vice-presidents. This was an experience very novel to him, and one which he greatly enjoyed.

He had long been interested in the work of the Maine Historical Society, and now this engrossed a large part of his strength. In 1867, as he was preparing for another year abroad, he received a commission from the State authorizing him to procure materials for the early history of Maine. The same charm that opened hearts and homes to him on the occasion of his first visit, opened to him now the treasures that he sought. Of the results of this commission, one was a work of the late Dr. John G. Kohl, of Bremen, which was published as the first volume of the "Documentary History of the Maine Historical Society." He also procured a copy of an important unpublished work of Richard Hakluyt. On his return he attended to the publication of the first named of these works, and after that he devoted himself to preparing an introduction and notes to the second.

I like to think of him as engaged in these historical labors. His conservative instincts and his love of authority, were satisfied. He was brought into congenial relations with others of like spirit with himself, working with them for a common end and by common methods.

His preparations for the publication of his foreign prize, it is supposed were nearly completed, when a large part of his results was suddenly lost in a misfortune which broke up the entire course of his life. He had just built for himself a new library. It was fitted up with all the elegancies and conveniences that he could desire. For the first time he had all his books about him. Suddenly, in January, 1874,

this took fire, probably from the wadding of a gun carelessly fired in the neighborhood. It was wholly consumed, and with it nearly all his books and papers. Happily, the precious Hakluyt manuscript was elsewhere.

Our president, as we know, was very conservative in his nature; but by this accident all those lines of activity that bound him to his past were broken. The books that he had studied, the works upon which he was engaged, the materials he was collecting towards the life of his father, and in connection with this towards the early history of the Seminary at Andover, his unfinished historical work, all disappeared at a flash. By a strange irony of fortune, this most conservative of men found himself suddenly, in his advanced years, starting afresh, "a seeker with no past at his back." He had already felt premonitory symptoms of the disease which was to shadow his later days, and I think that after this fire he was never wholly what he was before. Not, however, till June, 1875, did he receive the first of those shocks that were to batter down his life. Henceforth the slow beclouding of his faculties reminds us of the gradual settling down of the mist about some mountain height.—The clouds lift a little now and then, and reveal a grassy slope or a rocky precipice, and then sink again deeper and darker than before.

He had never been married. His home at Brunswick had given him both comfort and rare companionship. Now in his shattered health it extended to him the tenderest and most watchful care; until a sister in Boston claimed her nearer rights, and took him to the guardianship and the affection of her home.

The change that was taking place with him seemed rather a beclouding than a loss. It was sad to see him, to whom language had been a willing slave, trying in vain to summon to his aid the most common word, looking helplessly to the affection that had provided all else for him, as

if that could divine and bring to him the phrase he sought; but this command of language seemed long his greatest difficulty.

He loved to meet his friends and talk with them. Nearly to the last he loved to listen to reading. He would follow it intelligently; would correct the pronunciation of foreign words and define them; and would explain the meaning of theological terms that might occur. His spirit, except for a brief period after his first attack, was as sweet, as loving, and as tractable as that of a child.

On the last Sunday of his life his words showed that he knew what was before him, and that he longed to cling till the last to the human companionship he loved. He repeated after loving lips the prayer of his childhood, and the sacred offices of the church. The next day his laugh was heard once more, in its old sweetness, and on the third, Tuesday, December 24th, 1878, he died. Just at the last the clouds that had been settling about his spirit lifted for a moment, and his features shone with that strange after-glow that sometimes brightens the faces of the dying when all earthly light has passed. Then the mists sank more thickly than before, and their shadows deepened into the night of death. A simple burial service at Andover, where his body rests, ended his earthly history.

Such was our president, as nearly as I can picture him, in his character and in his life. Can we call his a successful life? If he had been less endowed, we should not hesitate in our reply. His life itself would, for many, be enough. He occupied honorable positions in the world. He received the highest college dignities. Harvard gave him her doctorate of Divinity in 1846; Bowdoin her doctorate of Laws in 1866. He lived an honored and useful life. But we think of these superb talents, of which achievement is the only fitting crown. We think of his precocious literary and theological accomplishments, and then wonder that so little remains to

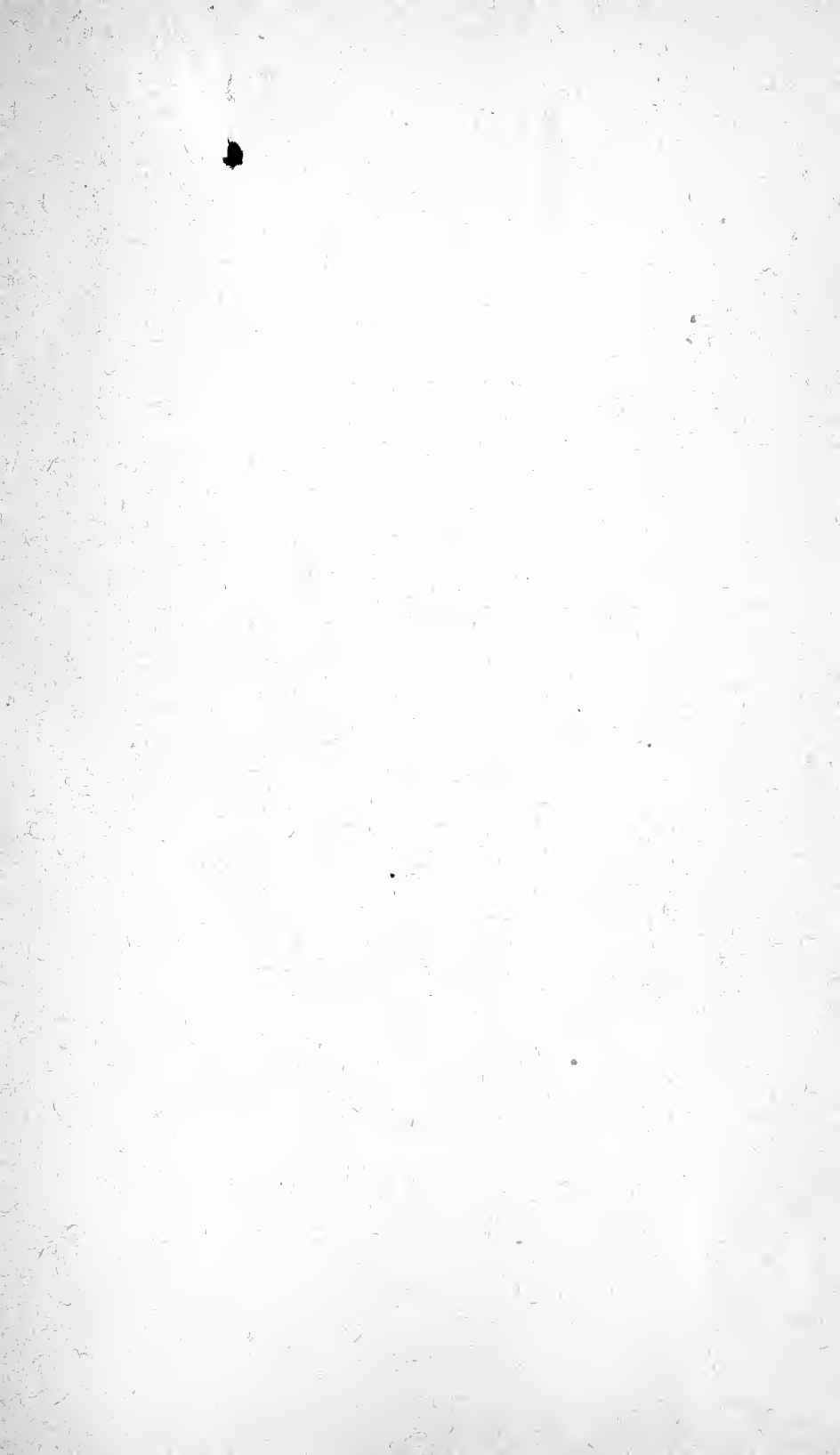
us. We have one volume,—a translation,—a few scattered articles, two or three pamphlets, the eulogies on Webster and on Cleaveland, each perfect in its way, but these are all. Can we then grant to this life the final glory of success? I answer, Yes. Of all the gifts with which a man may be endowed, the best is that mysterious something that we call personality. Even though the shelves of the libraries may groan with a man's printed works, we regard this as worth more than all. This highest gift of God to man our president possessed. It might have won him an honored place among the most brilliant circles of Christendom. This gift he used not for himself. He consecrated it to the one ambition of his life. This ambition was to quicken what was best in the hearts of the young men entrusted to his care. Once, after a grand success had been accomplished in this work, to one who had been his helper in it he exclaimed, "The salvation of one of these young men repays for the expenditure of very much labor, anxiety and patience."—This was the one ambition of his life; all his genius was not too much to be used, as it was used, for this. He could have had no higher aim, and the loving gratitude of many a heart to-day testifies of his attainment.

The influence that came from him I can compare to nothing else than that which comes from the music of an organ. I do not mean that he was always grave. No one could tell a story, or turn a jest with more grace and point than he. Even an organ will sound light and merry airs, but it gives to them all a character of its own. This organ-music is something that is very rare in our life to-day. Even in the pulpit, where we might expect it with most reason, we have too often the sentimentality of the flute, or the harshness of the clarion, too happy if it be not the noisy and petulant emptiness of the drum.

There are many ways in which our president presents himself to our memory. Perhaps we may picture him most

readily in his seat in the chapel that he loved, there, where most others seemed strangely modern and out of place, but where he seemed in fitting harmony with his surroundings. The voice of the organ ceases, he rises, and in his richer tones utters the common prayer and thanksgiving. I know what college "Prayers" are, at their best. Many light and wandering hearts are there. But I think that heart must have been very empty and very light that never at these hours had any sense of the thrill and the lofty peace of worship.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 029 915 670 9